

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFORT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 59.—No. 12.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.  
6d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, March 19th,**  
at Three o'clock. The programme will include Symphony, unfinished, in B minor, No. 8, with entr'acte in B minor from *Rosamunde* (Schubert); Prelude to First Act and Introduction to Third Act, *Lohengrin* (Wagner); and a new Dramatic Cantata, "COLUMBUS," for tenor solo, male voice chorus and orchestra, first time of performance (Henry Gadsby), conducted by the Composer. Vocalists—Miss Robertson and Mr Edward Lloyd. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The LAST BALLAD CONCERT but ONE.**

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—ST JAMES'S HALL,**  
at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies and Miss Clara Samuelli, Mdme Antoinette Sterling and Mdme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Maas, Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. The programme will include the following Songs: "The Ash Grove," "Olivia," and "Thady O'Flynn" (Miss Mary Davies); "Spinning," "The Bend of the River," and "Let me dream again" (Miss Clara Samuelli); "The Children of the City" and "Huntingtower" (Mdme Patey); "I lingered in the cloisters" and "Twenty-one" (Mdme Antoinette Sterling); "Mignonette," "Good-night, beloved," and "My Queen" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "All in All" and "The Death of Nelson" (Mr Joseph Maas); "The Valley," "The Vicar's Song," and "The Boatwain's Story" (Mr Santley); "The Midshipmite" and "Brown Eyes or Blue Eyes" (Mr Maybrick). Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

**LAMOUREUX ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—SECOND**  
CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY next, March 22nd, at Eight o'clock, under the patronage of his Excellency the French Ambassador, M. CHALLEMEIL-LACOUR, and in aid of the Funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary. Vocalist—Mdme Brunet-Lafleur. Mdme Montigny-Rémaury, pianoforte; and M. Saindon, violin. Orchestra of 100 performers. Conductor—M. CHARLES LAMOUREUX. Leader—M. Saindon. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at the usual Agents; Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and at the French Hospital, Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

**LAMOUREUX CONCERTS.—Programme of the Second**  
Concert, Tuesday Evening next:—Nouvelle Suite d'Orchestre (Massenet); Danse Macabre. Poème Symphonique (G. Saint-Saëns)—violin *obligato*, M. Saindon; Air d'Armide (Gluck)—Mdme Brunet-Lafleur; Ouverture de *Sigurd* (E. Reyne); Concerto, pour piano (Ch. M. Widor)—Mdme Montigny-Rémaury; Andante de la Symphonie Romantique (V. Jondière); Rhapsodie, for orchestra (Edward Lalo); Air de *Fernand Cortez* (Spontini)—Mdme Brunet-Lafleur; Sylvia, ballet, Suite d'Orchestra (Léo Delibes).

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.**  
Founder, and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Fifteenth Season, 1881.—The next RÉUNION will take place on WEDNESDAY Evening, March 30th. The Second Concert (R. Schumann's Compositions forming the first part of the programme), on April 21, due notice of which will be forwarded to Members and Subscribers. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have Prospectuses on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec., 244, Regent Street, W.

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**SIGNOR CIRO PINSUTI** begs to announce that he hopes to ARRIVE in London on the 26th inst. Letters to be addressed to 20, Langham Street, Portland Place.

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NOTICE.

**MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON** begs to announce that she will RETURN to London early in May, and requests all letters to be addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 231, Regent Street, W.

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**MR ISIDORE DE LARA** will sing his new Ballad, "SOME NIGHT," and HOPE TEMPLE'S "TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY," at all his Engagements during the Season.

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(To be continued.)

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"**'TIS ALL THAT I CAN SAY**" ("I LOVE THEE, I LOVE THEE"), Song. Words by TOM HOOD. Music by HOPE TEMPLE. Sung with distinguished success by Mr Isidore de Lara. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.  
This song is already tolerably well known and proportionately admired, thanks, in a great measure, to Mr Isidore de Lara, to whom it is dedicated, for whom it was composed, and by whom it is sung. Miss Hope Temple has caught the spirit as well as the rhythm of Hood's half tender, half passionate lines, and the simple expressive melody to which she has set them cannot, once heard, be easily forgotten.—*Pitt*.

Just Published.

#### THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

THIRD REVERIE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

(Dedicated by permission to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of CHARLEMONT.)

By

LILLIE ALBRECHT.

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## "THE STORY OF OLD SADLER'S WELLS."

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 156.)

On Monday, the 28th of March, 1828, Grimaldi, who had long been incapacitated, through illness, from regularly following his profession, took his farewell of the Islington public, as Hock, in the romance of *The Sixes*, and this, with the exception of another benefit, on a larger scale, got up by his friends, at Covent Garden, in July of the same year, was his last appearance on the stage. From this date, although occasionally assisting in the stage-management of the theatre—only three weeks before his death, he superintended the reproduction of the famous pantomime, *Mother Goose*—he lived in retirement, and expired, at 33, Southampton Street, Pentonville, on the 31st May, 1837. He was interrupted by the side of his old friend and work-fellow, Charles Dibdin, in the burial ground of the neighbouring St James's Church, and his grave-stone bears the following inscription:

SACRED  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
MR JOSEPH GRIMALDI,  
Who departed this life  
May 31, 1837.  
Aged fifty-eight years.

At the foot of the grave is another stone inscribed "Grimaldi, 1837." With "Joe" Grimaldi apparently the old order of clowns became extinct. Certainly none, since his day, have attained to anything like the same eminence or distinction. For Grimaldi, as we have been assured by his old contemporary and intimate friend, the once famed theatrical engraver, Henry Brown—still living in the present year, 1881—was no mere clown, he was a great comedian born, and in this lay the secret of his superiority over all his rivals in this branch of the profession. And a really kind heart, an even temper, combined with a most child-like simplicity of character, caused him to be as universally beloved in private, as he was admired in public; whilst the statement, found after death amongst his papers, that in the solitary hours of declining life, he could not recollect one single instance in which he had intentionally wronged man, woman, or child, may have well found a ready echo in the breast of every-one who ever knew him.

On Boxing-night, 1828, Tom Matthews, the favourite pupil of Grimaldi, and the inheritor of many of his traditions, came out as clown in a new pantomime, *The Hay of the Forest Raven*. In August, 1829, a version of Douglas Jerrold's popular Surrey drama, *Black-Eyed Susan*, was produced, in which William was played by Campbell, and Susan by Mrs Wilkinson. In 1830, the attention of the public was directed to the dancing of Mrs Searle and her pupils. One of these, a young girl named Laura Bell, a few years later grew into one of the loveliest women that ever graced the English stage—Mrs Honey. A very fine melodramatic actor, Mr Freer, also appeared as Sir Giles Overreach. Mr W. H. Williams and Mrs Fitzwilliam were the joint lessees in 1832, and a vaudeville, *The Pet of the Petticoats*,\* had a considerable run.

The names of Almar, Osbaldiston, Nelson Lee, and Robert Honner were subsequently associated, in turn, with the direction, but did little or nothing to enhance its reputation. On the contrary, the theatre gradually sank to so low an ebb, that any attempt to improve its fortunes was at last looked upon as hopeless. True that Mrs Waylett sang in 1836, that Junius Brutus Booth "starred" in 1837. Mrs Glover, too, played the Nurse to the Juliet of Mrs W. West, and the Romeo of George Bennett, on one night in this year. T. P. Cooke appeared as William, in *Black-Eyed Susan*, on Tuesday the 18th December, 1838, for the benefit of Mr Honner. Elton also played in 1840; and Ducrow brought his horses out here in 1842. As years rolled by, however, it seemed more and more evident that with the retirement of Grimaldi, the old glory had departed never to return. But happier days were yet in store, when in the spring of 1844, the great actor, Phelps, assumed the management; and we can affirm, without any hesitation, that the next eighteen years, during which he presided over its destinies, form, in truth, the best and

brightest page in the history of old Sadler's Wells. For the greater part of this time Mr Phelps was connected in partnership with Mr Greenwood, a former lessee—for a short term—of the house; and henceforth, whilst the refined taste and histrionic talents of the former, raised the artistic credit of the enterprise to the highest point, the sound judgment, and business capacity of the latter, served to maintain its financial prosperity. Their task was, at first, no easy one. Melodrama of the coarsest type had long been the fare offered to a class of frequenters, in themselves so utterly vicious, that no respectable tradesman would dream of taking his wife or daughters to the place. The lessees had not only to purify the nature of the performances, they had also to *unmake*, as well as to create, their audience. With what indomitable courage and resolution they set about their reforms, on both sides of the curtain, is well known; and so thoroughly did they carry them out that in time this obscure little temple of the Drama could boast not only of the most intelligent, but—beyond comparison—the most intellectual pit of any theatre in London. It was no uncommon circumstance, during the run of some special revival, to see the entire pit and boxes diligently following the text from printed copies of the play. Nor was Sadler's Wells any longer dependent on merely local patronage for its support. The "nobility and gentry from the squares," of Rosoman's old-fashioned advertisement, now found their analogy in the more modern inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgravia, who came out in numbers to a spot, of which, possibly, many of them had hitherto scarcely even heard, whilst all that was most distinguished in the literary world, made a point of being present on every "first night" at "The Wells." And no higher compliment could well have been paid to any management than the one addressed to it by Macready, when, in a letter written to the late Lord Chief Justice Pollock, in 1856, he remarked: "I believe we must look for the drama, if we really wish to find it, in that remote suburb of Islington."

We have been informed that the lessees originally intended to bring out the entire series of Shakspeare's plays, and it is a fact that they did succeed in producing thirty-one of them. These were *Macbeth*—with the interpolated scenes from Middleton's old play, *The Witch*, and Locke's music, on the opening night, Whit-Monday, the 27th of May, 1844; but afterwards strictly in accordance with the original text—*Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, *Hamlet*, *King Richard III.*—with the original text in lieu of Colley Cibber's version, which was, however, represented at one period—*King Henry VIII.*, *King Lear*, *A Winter's Tale*, *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, *Julius Cesar*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Coriolanus*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*, *King Henry V.*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, *Taming of the Shrew*—with Phelps as Christopher Sly—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Love's Labour Lost*. We have been told by Mr Greenwood that it was also, at one time, in contemplation to bring out *Troilus and Cressida*, but that the idea was abandoned, owing to the difficulty of finding a sufficient number of actors suitable for the various Grecian heroes. The following works, by other old dramatists, contemporaneous with Shakspeare, were also presented: *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *A King and No King*, and *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, of Beaumont and Fletcher; the same authors' *Maid's Tragedy*, modernized by Sheridan Knowles under the title of *The Bridal*; *The City Madam*, *The Fatal Dowry*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, of Massinger; *A Woman Neerer Vex't*, of Rowley; *Venice Preserved*, of Otway; and *The Duchess of Malfi*, of old John Webster. To these might be added a long list of plays by Lytton, Byron, Knowles, Talfourd, Kotzebue, Poochoke, Rowe, Leigh Hunt, Sheridan, Cumberland, Colman, Cibber, Howard Payne, Vanburgh, Inebald, Goldsmith, Holcroft, Bickerstaffe, Tobin, Centlivre, Maturin, Milman, Fielding, Macklin, and others, amongst which Cumberland's *Wheel of Fortune*, Macklin's *Man of the World*, *The Miser of Fielding*, *The Pop's Fortune* of Colley Cibber, *The Provoked Husband* of Sir John Vanburgh, *Arden of Feversham*, by Rowe, and *The Good Natured Man*, by Oliver Goldsmith, might all be cited as theatrical curiosities, owing to the rarity of their revival, elsewhere. Another, *The Castle Spectre*, of "Monk" Lewis, given several times in 1849, had, in its time, an immense popularity, and from the

\* The music by John Barnett, composer of *The Mountain Sylph*.—D. B.



romantic interest of the plot, to say nothing of the opportunities for ghostly effects, which it presents, is quite worth the attention of our theatrical managers, to-day. Many new dramas were also written expressly for the house; and of these, *Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh*, by Slous, Garcia, or the Noble Error, by F. G. Tomlin; *Feudal Times*, *The Gowrie Plot*, and *John Suville of Haystead*, by the Reverend James White; and lastly *The Fool's Revenge*, by Tom Taylor, were all far above the average of new plays. The only translation from the modern French, was a version of Casimir Delavigne's *Louis XI.*, given, at the earnest request of his patrons, by Mr Phelps, in 1861. The same year saw another departure from the legitimate, in the shape of a two-act piece—*Doing for the Best*, by Rophino Lacy—in which, as the humble artisan of domestic drama, the actor showed that he could mesmerise his audience, to the full as much as he had ever done, in the finest works of our standard authors.

For the representation of the above repertory, a company was gradually formed, as a body, it would seem, at no period of transcendent excellence, but which had the merit—and that, in no ordinary degree—of working, on all occasions, thoroughly well together. Until Mr and Mrs Bancroft metamorphosed the old Queen's Theatre in Tottenham Street, the French word, *ensemble*—for which our language offers no equivalent—was never more happily realised, on the English stage, than during the days of the Phelps and Greenwood dynasty, at Sadler's Wells. It was not that a collection of stars was to be met with, but that all, high and low, engaged were carefully taught, at rehearsal, to abstain, as far as possible, from individual prominence, and to aim rather at carrying out each his separate work, so as to blend it with the rest, in one harmonious whole. The conception of the author, not the exhibition of this or that performer, was always the first thing to be regarded here. No one was ever engaged in whom the lessees failed to detect at least the germ of a Shaksperean talent, and this, when once found, was forthwith developed with untiring assiduity. To have played with Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, is yet the proudest boast of those who survive from his old company; and many of our best actors and actresses have owed their fame to the training which they received, in early life, at "The Theatre," as it is still affectionately termed by the Islingtonians. In the *Illustrated London News*, for Saturday, the 9th January, 1847, there is an engraving of the green-room at Sadler's Wells, with Mr Phelps, and a portion of his company, as constituted at the time—with the names underlined—dressed for their parts in *The Merchant of Venice*. Whether the older picture of Rosoman may have suggested it we cannot tell, but, for playgoers, the print has already become invested with an interest scarcely less powerful than the other.

(To be continued.)

#### "MUSIC-WELT" v. "MUSIKZEITUNG."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Number 10 of your highly interesting journal states that Herr von Hülsen's letter (of which you give an admirable translation), has been addressed to the publisher of the "*Musikzeitung*." This is not correct. The letter was addressed to me, i.e., to the chief editor of the "*Music-Welt*," and published in No. 18 of the "*Music-Welt*." By stating this in your next issue you would greatly oblige, yours respectfully,  
Berlin, March 7.

DR MAX GOLDSTEIN.

#### AN EASTER HYMN.\*

"Christ is risen," tell the tale  
O'er sea and plain, o'er hill and dale;  
For us He burst the bands of death,  
"Fear not its sting," to each He  
saith.

"Christ is risen," from the tomb,  
He calls us all from sin and gloom;  
Let the glorious, cheering sound  
In earth's dark places loud resound.

\* Copyright.

† The Portuguese have a pretty saying that, "The year grows with the Saviour."

"Christ is risen," say the flowers,  
Peeping out from leafy bowers;  
"Christ is risen," sing the trees,  
Their young leaves flutt'ring in the  
breeze.

"Christ is risen," chirp the birds,  
All nature seems to breathe the words,  
And sweet fall those upon the ear  
That with the Saviour grows the year.†

GIUNONE.

#### SIR HERBERT OAKELEY, LL.D.

(From the "Aberdeen Journal," March 9.)

Seldom has an announcement been made which has excited more interest than that of the list of names of those upon whom the Senatus Academicus of our University resolved to confer Degrees of Honour at their meeting on Saturday. Mindful of her own children and marking their career in all parts of the world, she on that day, as before, honoured the veteran Lawyer and Soldier, the young Astronomer, Colonial Governor, and scholarly Theologian; but while all these men of Letters, Law, Arms, and Science are her own *alumni*, the list also for the first time contains the name of a representative of one of the arts that dignify and ennoble life. With no tie to our University, a graduate of another, and the professor in a third, he had on Aberdeen no other claim than that of professional distinction. This new departure of our University merits more than a passing notice, because, while it marks an epoch in thus for the first time placing art in its true position as one of the most powerfully educative of forces, it carries with it in the case of Sir Herbert Oakeley that special form of distinction which takes it altogether out of the ordinary range of academic honours.

To the *alumni* of the University, as well as to those large and ever-widening circles devoted to the study and practice of music in this and other parts of the country, and who feel as it were a personal interest in every step taken to honour their favourite art, the announcement will be received with sentiments of unqualified delight, and while we express our sense of the value of this graceful and well-merited honour, we cannot help saying that there seems a peculiar fitness in the representative of Music being the first to pass through these portals, and we believe that if anything could enhance the value of the title in Sir Herbert's eyes it is the knowledge that a door has thus been opened through which distinguished representatives of the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture may in the future find their place and position among the honoured of the University of Aberdeen.

If two hundred years ago it could be said that "the chief honour and singular praise of this famous city was, that it had been the Sanctuary of Sciences, the Manse of the Muses, and the Nurserie of all Arts," and if just one hundred years ago there existed in Aberdeen a musical society that numbered amongst its members many distinguished men connected with the University who, as accomplished musicians, year after year took their part in interpreting to their fellow-citizens the great orchestral works of that period, it seems specially fitting for our university at this time to take the lead in honouring music, for amidst all the strifes and divisions and miserable surroundings of modern social life, she would seem once again to be about to lift up her arms to bless and beautify our existence. Alike helpful to every age and condition of man, music, it has been well said, is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of bodily\* pleasures; and those who have no opportunity of knowing the extent to which the study and practice of the art has taken root in every household can realise the strength of the forces which are at work, and every day more and more shaping out for all of us a higher ideal, and a nobler standard of life. "Make a nation a musical nation, and think how you have harmonised it socially, morally, healthfully!" \* \* \* \* \*

The University of Aberdeen has honoured herself by thus honouring music, in the person of so eminent a representative of the Divine Art as Sir Herbert Oakeley.

#### UNIVERSITY DEGREES TO MUSICIANS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The paragraph relative to Professor Oakeley, in the *Musical World* of the 12th inst., is not quite correct as regards his being the first to receive the honour of a Degree being conferred on a Professor of Music. Mr Hullah a year or two since had the Degree conferred upon him by the Edinburgh University, and Sir Sterndale Bennett was made D.C.L. by the Marquis of Salisbury (Chancellor of the University), at Oxford in 1870, with other illustrious persons—the first time such a degree was ever conferred—Sterndale Bennett also received the Degree of M.A. (without examination), at Cambridge, in 1857—I believe the only instance. His predecessor, Walmisley, obtained his Degrees by keeping his terms and examinations. I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
J. LAMBORN COCK.

28, Holles Street, W., March 14.

Our old acquaintance, Howard Paul, has consented to undertake the management of the Alhambra Theatre. The right man in the right place.

\* Why "bodily?"—Dr Blüthge.

## THE HENRY SMART MEMORIAL FUND.

The animated appearance of the concert-room in the Royal Academy of Music on Monday evening, the 14th inst., gave tokens of the unwonted activity of the promoters and managers of the above fund, established to do honour to an eminent musician. The concert was so well attended as to warrant the hope that a good sum will be handed over to the treasurer. Rarely has any like cause put forth such a list of patrons, vice-patrons, and committee, as that contained in the circular industriously disseminated by the secretary. Indeed, therein is found a plethora of names representing rank and riches. And yet the subscriptions are but light and scanty. It is probable that were it not for a few active men, notably Mr Robert S. Calcott, the secretary, the scheme, before this time, would entirely have collapsed. Why was the burden left so much to a gentleman too young to have been a friend of long standing? It must be remembered, however, that many of the late Mr Smart's personal friends, of youth and manhood, are now with him in the world of perfect harmony; whilst others, living, are too far spent by labour to give effect to the esteem and affection ever retained for him in their hearts. Happily, however, the talent of the composer lately taken from us still lives in his works, and claims companionship and holds fellowship with the young. A true art-product is contemporary not with one, but many generations, and should it pass away it will assuredly leave behind seeds of life to beautify the future. There is a certain fitness of things in the connection of the "fund" with the Royal Academy of Music. The association is natural and right. Moreover, the Academy just now abounds in honours. Besides rewards granted to students, the authorities are at present pursuing, what some well-wishers think, the doubtful policy of decorating budding provincials. Surely, then, their duty is to honour one who rests from his labours! And it must not be overlooked that the "memorial" is to take the form of a musical scholarship, which, although not yet announced, will, in all probability, be entrusted to the Institution over which Professor Macfarren presides. Every member, therefore, should feel sufficient interest in the matter to keep it from again falling into forgetfulness, and, indeed, should not withhold exertions until the task is done. It is certain that Mr Calcott will find an able fellow-worker in Mr Eyres, of the Academy.

The programme consisted entirely of Smart's music; an arrangement that some may think perilous. But the audience did not think so, for they received each item with favour, and even at the end of a long programme their enthusiasm was not abated. For instance, in the second part, Mr W. H. Cummings's eloquent delivery of the romance, *Paquita*, fell not upon tired ears, or if it did it roused them to active pleasure. Nor did Miss Florence Norman's rendering of the song, "Love and Hope," reach weary listeners. But the young lady was too judicious to imperil her success by doing more than bowing acknowledgments for the applause bestowed upon her. Even the last organ solo—and there were six in the programme—the "Andante in A," played most admirably by Mr E. H. Turpin, found the audience still with an excellent musical appetite. Several of the singers were new to the concert platform. Amongst those, however, must not be classed the already popular contralto, Miss Orridge, who told "The Sailor's Story" in a vivid manner that added to her growing fame. Nor can Miss Marian Mackenzie be placed amongst the untried; and, singing on this occasion that most delightful song, "The Lady of the Lea," in charming style, she advanced another step in public estimation. Yet there were, happily, some new singers. Strangers, especially young strangers, should always be treated courteously, for before now they have proved angels unannounced. It would be rash to say that any one of the young artists will turn out to be a real, live singing-angel, but the most cautious critic might venture to say that the good will of the audience was gained by genuine ability. Miss Thudichum's pleasant voice was heard in several numbers of the programme, particularly in the trio, "Life nor death shall us disaveer"; and Miss Spencer Jones, receiving the artistic aid of M. Buziau, who played the violin *obbligato* part, invested the song, "The Maiden's Prayer," with more than usual

tenderness. Mr Miles, in voice and culture, proved himself capable of rendering excellent service in the concert-room; and Mr Davies gave indications of being the possessor of good vocal means. Messrs Hilton and Smith did service by singing characteristic songs. It is needless to insist that Smart's organ music was exhibited to advantage—for do not the names of the players place it beyond doubt?—Dr Chipp, Dr Gladstone, Dr Verrinder, Mr Hoyte, Mr Rose, and Mr Turpin, ascended, in turn, the organ platform to reveal the beauties of their respected master, Henry Smart. The pianists were Messrs Stephens, Thorne, and Bird, Mr Eyres being the able director of the part-songs.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

## ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.\*

In 1833, King Louis Philippe presented Rossini with a valuable repeater, set with brilliants and exceedingly handsome. Rossini wore it six years in his waistcoat pocket. As he was one day showing and describing it to some artists in a café, an individual, advancing to where the composer sat, told him he did not know his own watch, though he had worn it so long. So speaking, the stranger pressed a secret spring—and Rossini's portrait, surrounded by some Arabic characters, was exposed to view. It was, indeed, the first time Rossini had seen this part of his watch and he was not a little surprised. The stranger was the person who had made the watch. Strange to say, he could not be induced by offers or entreaties to explain the meaning of the mysterious Arabic characters. This reticence made Rossini, who was very superstitious, regard the watch with dread, as something "uncanny," and he never wore it again.

HIERONYMUS LOBM.

It is believed that the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre will take place on the 7th of May—nearly three weeks later than that of the Royal Italian Opera, which, we understand, is fixed for the 29th of April.

TONIC SOL-FA.—Mr J. S. Curwen, president of the Tonic Sol-Fa College, has returned from a series of conferences with friends and teachers of the system in Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. The reports of progress have been most satisfactory. Mr Curwen called attention to the fact that out of the last 7,400 musical certificates granted by the Tonic Sol-Fa College, 5,081, or close upon two thirds, included an examination in sight singing from the ordinary staff notation, thus proving to what an extent the movement trains singers and students of the old notation. Mr Curwen dwelt on the need of educating teachers in taste and skill, and of carrying the training of pupils to a higher point before they were drafted into Choral Societies. He said that the Tonic Sol-Faists had their special field, as teachers of popular music, almost to themselves. The influence of music as a social and religious agent placed their work among the most beneficent forces of the age.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.—The well-known band of amateur performers, constituting the society called "The Wandering Minstrels," gave their 126th Smoking Concert at their concert-room, 77, Pavilion Road, Sloane Street, on the evening of March 10, under the direction of their accomplished conductor, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald. It is stated in the programme to be "the only purely amateur orchestral society in the world," consequently independent of the professional element. The music selected on this occasion was a Symphony in D, by Haydn; an Andante for the flute, well played by Mr Mills; the overture to *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, by A. Adam; an *Intermezzo* from Lachner's *Suite*, No. 2; a selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*; and a "Grand Masonic March" by J. B. Boucher. Although most of these are of a character that tax the abilities of the amateurs, the result was such as to reflect infinite credit upon the performers. To the vocal part of the programme, Mr Lionel Levy contributed two songs—Gounod's "Oh that we two were maying," and Faure's "Les Rameaux," both well adapted to display his agreeable voice and finished style to advantage. Mr Lionel Benson gave three songs—Jansen's "Marie," Rubinstein's "Gut Nacht," and Blumenthal's "Schadja"—with his accustomed intelligence. The large audience assembled enthusiastically appreciated the evening's entertainment, which had been so kindly provided for them by Lord Gerald Fitzgerald and his coadjutors.—H. W. G.

\* P. ether Lloyd.

## LAMOUREUX CONCERTS.

The vast aggregation of numbers, wealth, and influence we call London, continues in the present, as in the past, to attract musical artists of all degrees, and among the latest arrivals is M. Charles Lamoureux, some time conductor of the Grand Opéra, Paris. This is not M. Lamoureux's first visit to our country. He has crossed the Channel on previous occasions, and recrossed it, taking back with him, as we may well believe, many an idea destined to bear good artistic fruit in his own land. He it was, at any rate, who founded in Paris a Sacred Harmonic Society having the same objects as our own, and constituted, as far as circumstances allowed, on the same plan. By that Society Handel's oratorios were performed from time to time, and under its auspices a distinguished English singer—Mme Patey—showed the Parisians what insular talent could do in the department of sacred music. M. Lamoureux has come to us now, therefore, with a special as well as a general claim upon our most cordial hospitality. He was welcomed at the first on the strength of his reputation; he is more welcome than ever now that we know his brilliant qualities and his exceptional fitness for work of the highest musical importance—work to which many lay their hands, but in which few succeed. Fired perhaps by the example of Herr Richter, and resolved, it may be, that France should not remain unrepresented on the field where that doughty German last year carried all before him, M. Lamoureux announced two orchestral concerts in St James's Hall, with a band of more than one hundred instruments. In this alone there would have been interest sufficient to excite remark, but our distinguished visitor resolved that, as well as representing French executive skill in his own person, his concerts should vindicate French creative genius. The idea was not less happy than natural and patriotic. At the present moment Gallic composers are coming to the front with rapid strides. It is they who now supply the lyric theatres of Europe with novelties, and in almost every branch of the art we find them running their Teutonic neighbours hard. English amateurs cannot remain indifferent to this, conscious, as they must be, that their music, like the English language, does well to enrich itself with the best features of every other, and that French brightness, grace, and *esprit* are especially needed to leaven a lump of more solid and sombre qualities. M. Lamoureux's concerts of French music have, therefore, a distinct value, independent of their worth as teaching us that good composers exist outside the country in which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven flourished.

The first concert took place on Tuesday evening, and was largely attended by amateurs and professors eager to make acquaintance with a new "chief" and many unfamiliar works. Concerning the music there may have been some difference of opinion; but as regards the man most responsible for its rendering, conclusions were, no doubt, unanimous. M. Lamoureux is a real conductor—*musculus non fit*. His beat, decisive, unhesitating, significant, is clearness itself, and he joins to a highly-developed musical organization the magic of personal influence such as compels every one under him to reflect but his will and do but his bidding. All this was demonstrated by a performance which, considering that music and conductor were alike strange to the players, commanded the highest admiration, and placed M. Lamoureux among those whom, as *chefs d'orchestre*, English amateurs delight to honour. In his preliminary announcement the French musician spoke of the present concerts as "season 1881," implying that there may be a season 1882, and so on. The public will now regard the implication with pleasure, and desire for their annual visitor "long continuance and increasing." M. Lamoureux's orchestra contains 104 instruments, including thirty-five violins, twelve violas, fourteen violoncellos, and twelve double basses. Numerically, therefore, it is a formidable body; but its chief distinction lies in excellent material. At the head of the various sections are such men as Messrs Sainton, Villin, Doyle, E. Howell, White, Svendsen, Lebon, and Snelling, while the ranks are filled with the best available native and resident talent. Anything might be done with such an orchestra, and even its sonority is rich, full, and satisfying. Turning to the details of Tuesday evening, and noting, first of all, the courteous reception given to M. Lamoureux as he took his place, let acknowledgment be next made of the way in which Berlioz's overture, *Le Carnaval Romain*, was performed. Alike as regards conductor and followers, this set all doubts at rest, and encouraged the audience to settle down for thorough enjoyment of the novelties to come, especially of the first among them—a Symphony in F (No. 2) by Théodore Gouvy. It says no little for the depth of the rut in which English music runs, that this composer, favourably known in Germany since 1849, remained till Tuesday evening an almost complete stranger amongst ourselves. But, "it is a long lane that has no turning." M. Gouvy has been introduced to us at last, and if he prove always as charming as we have just found him, the acquaintance will soon ripen

into friendship. The Symphony in F—second of five we hope soon to hear—is, in structure, style, and spirit, a classic thing, and might, indeed, be taken for the work of some graceful and fluent German pen. Every movement presents abundant melody, perfect symmetry, and treatment of transparent clearness. The first *allegro*, however, carries off chief honours. Each page of this opening is delightful in its elegance and beauty, and the ear, charmed to absorbed attention, loses not a note. As much might be said of the trio in the *scherzo*, while the *rondo finale* is conspicuous by the effective contrast of its episodes with a lively and bustling subject. The symphony was played almost to perfection and received with great favour, not unmixed with surprise. A so-called "Symphonie Espagnole"—really a concerto in five movements for solo violin and orchestra—stood next on the list, with one of its movements, an intermezzo, omitted. The work is from first to last an example of the application of characteristic and national strains to classic forms, and in the successful doing of this lies a great part of its charm. Our preference must be given to the *scherzo* and slow movement, which are attractive in a high degree, but the "Symphonie" depends for success very much upon the artist who plays the difficult yet, to a skilful executant, grateful solo. At the hands of M. Sainton, the Lille composer's work suffered nothing. The one appeared to suit the other, the idiosyncrasy of the artist finding its counterpart in the brightness, dash, and piquancy of the music. M. Sainton has rarely played better, because rarely with more of heart and soul. He was in excellent "form," and fully showed what a great violin virtuoso we have resident in our midst. His success with the audience could not have been more emphatic, nor need we ascribe any of it to the personal popularity of an artist whose friends are scarcely limited by the circle of his acquaintance. Each round of applause, so frankly given, was as honestly earned as the recall which consummated M. Sainton's triumph. A word should here be given to the excellence of the orchestral performance, in the direction of which M. Lamoureux showed that he knows how to give a soloist every chance. A pretty and pleasing movement, entitled "Rêverie du Soir," from an Algerian Suite by M. Saint-Saëns, came next in order, and was very favourably received. By itself, it is not important; still it enabled the orchestra to show its quality of refinement, and Mr Doyle to make his mark with a viola solo. After the "Rêverie" came a selection from the incidental music written by M. Massenet for M. de Lisle's antique tragedy, *Les Érinnyes*. The chosen movements comprised a "Scène Religieuse," and a *divertissement* in three sections, respectively entitled "Danse Grecque," "La Troyenne regrettant sa patrie," and "Finale." It may be said, without discussing this music in detail, that M. Massenet appears to advantage in it, perhaps because he limits himself to an object clearly within the grasp of a composer who is at home with lyrical and characteristic strains, and whose knowledge of the orchestra shows him the direct road to telling effects. The most popular of the movements was, perhaps, the "Danse Grecque"—a really charming conception; but certainly the next in favour was the "Scène Religieuse," recommended by a violoncello solo, which Mr Edward Howell executed with a refinement and expression beyond praise. Mr Howell's instrument sang as only a great artist sings—there is no higher praise. The orchestral selections came to an end after this with the Hungarian March from *La Damnation de Faust*.

Interesting beyond common as regards the works named above, the concert presented some attractive vocal music and not less attractive singers. Mme Brunet-Lafleur, an artist of high repute in Paris, made her first appearance, and achieved a marked success with Gluck's "Divinités du Styx," followed by an air from Reyher's *La Statue*. The lady declaims splendidly, but is heard to better advantage in lyric music of a gentle and tender kind. She is beyond question a thorough artist, gifted with fine sensibility and rare expressive power. Her appearance in our concert rooms cannot fail to be welcome. Mme Patey, on her part, sang the solo of a picturesque "Aurore," by B. Godard, with exquisite taste, subsequently joining Mme Brunet-Lafleur in the famous duet, "Vous soupirez, Madame," from Berlioz's *Beatrice et Benedict*. The charm of this was complete. Beautiful in itself, those who sang and those who accompanied were as near perfection as possible. At the close of the concert, M. Lamoureux was re-called amid applause, which spoke well for the popularity of his second performance on Tuesday next.—D. T.

BERLIN.—*Nisida*, a new three-act buffo opera, book by Herren West and F. Zell, music by R. Gené, was produced at the Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, under the direction of the composer. Its reception was equivocal. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been given at the Singakademie for the benefit of two local charities.



## BEETHOVEN'S LATER YEARS.\*

(Continued from page 165.)

We will now return for a moment to the festivities of the Congress. It was plain that, at such a conjuncture, recourse would be had to the most illustrious composer of the period. Beethoven was accordingly commissioned to set an occasional piece, "The Day of Glory," a sort of grand cantata, the libretto being written by Dr Weissenbach, a man more expert in handling the scalpel than in matching rhymes. Such official poetry, in which hyperbolism of sentiment disputed the palm with turgidity of style, was repugnant to Beethoven, and he had "to take a heroic resolution"—his own expression—ere he could set to work. "The Day of Glory" was performed on the 3rd November, 1814, in the Redoutensaal, before a "pit of kings." The papers of the time are unanimous in recording its great success, which would have been even more considerable, had not the presence of so many reigning sovereigns imposed a respectful reserve on the public. We must observe, parenthetically, that the cantata, provided with another book, has been published, also, under the title of "The Praise of Music." But this was not the only work written by Beethoven for the Vienna festivities. A letter addressed to his pupil, the Arch-duke Rudolph, puts us on the track of another occasional piece, not since found again. It was, there can be no doubt, a sort of ballet, intended to serve as a complement to the Royal Carousal, organised by the young princes of the house of Austria:

"I see that your Imperial Highness," Beethoven writes, "wants to try the effect of my music upon horses. Your wish shall be gratified, and I feel curious whether I shall succeed in causing the noble cavaliers to perform a few graceful somersaults. Ha! Ha! I cannot, however, help laughing to think that, under the circumstances, your Imperial Highness should have remembered me. Never mind; I am going to set about this equine music and will send it galloping to you."

Finally, Beethoven wrote on the same occasion his "Polonaise in C major for the Piano" (Op. 89) with the intention of dedicating it to the Empress of Russia. Her Majesty graciously accepted the dedication and received the composer with demonstrations of the most profound respect. She made him a present of fifty ducats and enquired whether he had received anything for the three Sonatas (Op. 30) dedicated to the Czar. On finding from his answer that this debt of honour had not been discharged, she ordered a hundred ducats more to be paid him out of her privy purse. But Beethoven did not share in the Vienna festivities only by the works emanating from his pen; he had to take a large part in them personally. The illustrious author of the Symphonies was invited to all the parties; the princes and sovereigns who had hastened to the Congress all wanted to see and talk to him. During a whole year, he was the fashion, and we understand how he could subsequently boast that he had permitted all the potentates of Europe to pay court to him. Every evening he was to be seen wherever the aristocracy, wherever finance, and art, had appointed to meet, either at the Arch-Duke Rudolph's, or at the house of Prince Rasumowsky, the Russian ambassador. That opulent nobleman had built a monumental palace on the Danube Canal, and for more than fifteen years had been collecting there artistic treasures of incalculable value. He loved to gather round him in his sumptuous abode the pick of Viennese society, and dazzle them with his splendour and magnificence, but at these gatherings music always held the post of honour. The noble ambassador entertained for this art a passion in which there mingled, perhaps, a certain amount of gratitude, for he was indebted to it, as it were, for the rise of his house. His family, which came originally from Ukraine and was half Cossack, was of rather low extraction. His uncle, Alexis-Grigorievitch Rasum, born at Lemeschi in 1709, was merely a singer in the Imperial Chapel at St Petersburg, and had no idea of the marvellous good fortune in store for him, when one day, during divine service, the Czarina, Elizabeth, was struck by the penetrating charm of his voice. Desirous of knowing the singer who had moved her so deeply, she had him presented to her, and, as his personal appearance was no less pleasing than his voice, she resolved on attaching him to her person. A short time afterwards, being then only Grand-Duchess, she resolved to legalise the bonds uniting him to

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

her, and was secretly married to him in the chapel of a village situated at the gates of Moscow. By a caprice of destiny, a caprice unparalleled perhaps, in history, Cyrille Rasum, his brother, and his junior by some twenty years, was to enjoy similar favours. Having been received at the Russian Court, he succeeded, by his intelligence and address, in achieving a position which brought him in contact with the first ladies belonging to it. His manly beauty produced on the heart of Catherine the Great the same impression which his brother's had made upon that of Elizabeth. Provided with a coat of arms and the title of Count, it was not long before he rose to the highest dignities in the State, though he was not elevated to an alliance with the Empress. He became hetman of Little Russia and field-marshal, leaving at his death four sons, heirs to his intelligence and good luck. The youngest of the four is the person we have just found in Vienna. Brought up at the Court of St Petersburg with the Grand-Duke Paul, he received a course of solid and varied instruction, by which his quick and open mind profited far more than did that of his Imperial fellow-student. When his education was completed, his father wished him to enter the Imperial navy. The young man accordingly did so, passed through the various grades, and obtained the rank of post-captain, before he had reached his twenty-fifth year. But he had other aspirations and felt he was born to be a diplomatist. After serving his noviciate in various offices of State, he was at once named ambassador to the city of Venice, which he soon left for that of the city of Vesuvius. Here his fine bearing and agreeable personal appearance procured him the favour of Queen Caroline, and, had that princess not been already provided with a husband, he might have enacted his uncle's romance over again. Pursuing his career, he left Italy for the Scandinavian peninsula, and went to represent his country at Copenhagen and Stockholm. But the object of his ambition was the post of ambassador at Vienna. He succeeding in obtaining it and entered into possession at the beginning of the year 1792†. He did not wait for his official installation to form connections and ally himself with one of the most aristocratic families in Austria. In 1788, he married the beautiful Countess Elisabeth von Thun, sister-in-law to Prince Lichnowsky, with whose constant friendship for Beethoven we are acquainted. By this marriage, he found himself directly introduced into a musical circle where he saw all the principal composers of the period defile, in turn, before him. He met there the author of *Don Giovanni*; Joseph Haydn, towards whom he felt particularly attracted; and, as we have seen, at a later period, Beethoven. After 1805, when the Russian Quartets were composed, the relations between the illustrious Symphonist and the ambassador became very close. It was at the latter's house, at the Arch-Duke Rudolph's and at Prince Lichnowsky's, that Beethoven had his new chamber music tried by the quartet, Schuppanzigh, Sina, Weiss, and Kraft, the last being subsequently replaced by Linke. It was, therefore, natural that Rasumowsky should take advantage of his intimacy with the illustrious Symphonist, to invite him to his parties, during the festivities of the Congress. These festivities, unhappily for Rasumowsky, were destined to end in an irreparable disaster. The Emperor Alexander invited for the 30th December, 1814, to his ambassador's mansion, all the most eminent persons in diplomacy, arms, literature, and art, of whom Vienna could then boast. Rasumowsky had built for the occasion in his grounds a vast wooden hall, where tables were laid for 700. At the conclusion of this memorable entertainment, between five and six in the morning, the light structure was perceived to be in flames. Notwithstanding the assistance which speedily arrived from all sides, it was not long ere the fire caught the principal buildings, and before the clock struck twelve the marvellous palace was nothing more than a heap of cinders.

(To be continued.)

GEORGETOWN (DEMERARA).—In the opera of *Si j'étais Roi*, presented to-night in the Philharmonic Hall, the reputation hitherto achieved by the French Opera Company was sustained. The audience was small compared with that at the last performance. The series is drawing to a close. On Saturday evening M. Gadihe will take his benefit, the opera chosen being *La Favorite*, and it is hoped there will be a "bumper."—*The Colonist*, Feb. 24.

† See my essay, *Beethoven's Youth*, in which I previously had occasion to speak, somewhat circumstantially, of Rasumowsky.

ST JAMES'S HALL.  
**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,**  
**TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.**

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

**THIRTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,**  
**MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1881,**

*At Eight o'clock precisely.*

**Programme.**

PART I.—Quartet, in G minor, Op. 14, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, first time (Volkman)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Hausmann; Songs, "Der Neugierige" and "Die böse Farbe" (Schubert)—Herr Von Zur Mühlen; Prelude, in B minor, and Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, for pianoforte alone (Bach)—Mme Schumann.

PART II.—Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—Mme Schumann, MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Hausmann; Songs, "Ich stand in dunklen Träumen" (Olara Schumann), and "Wanderlied" (Robert Schumann)—Herr Von Zur Mühlen; Andante, in E major, and Scherzo, in A minor (posthumous), for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Hausmann. Accompanist—Mr ZERRINI.

**SEVENTEENTH AFTERNOON CONCERT,**  
**SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881,**

*At Three o'clock precisely.*

**Programme.**

Quartet, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Song, "Si tra i ceppi" (Handel)—Mr P. Hayes; Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mme Schumann; Fantasia, Op. 131, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Schumann)—MM. Joachim and Eugénie D'Albert; Song, "Bel mestier del godoliere" (Balfe)—Mr P. Hayes; Trio, in C major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, Eugénie D'Albert, and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr ZERRINI.

**DEATHS.**

On March 1, at Gosson Lodge, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, HELEN MARIA, wife of EDWARD REDHEAD, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon, widow of Robert William Rickart Hepburn, Esq., of Rickarton, and second daughter of the late Colonel Forbes Leith, of Whitehaugh, Aberdeenshire.

On March 14, at 12, Denmark Grove, Islington, JOHN BLAGROVE, Esq., aged 59.

**AMIDST THE SHADES.**

\* \* \* \* \*

It's done.

And now how quiet he must feel  
 In his dim corner of that meadow land  
 Where there is more than room for everyone.  
 How pleasant he must feel the breath of Death  
 Upon his forehead, spiriting away  
 The ache and fever, drying up the drops  
 Of sweat and clotted blood.  
 To give one sigh of great relief, and then  
 To rest at last in the most perfect peace,  
 And go to sleep, how he must find that good.  
 For 't was long time since he had rested him,  
 And as to the matter of the times he rested  
 On earth, were one to add them up together  
 They'd make but a little sum.  
 But now; no foe, however secret he  
 Or subtil, could frighten sleep away from him;  
 And all the hate that Hell contains could not  
 Disturb one eyelid of that deep repose.  
 The bruises of the past no longer count,  
 Nor do the shattered limbs have any pain,  
 For easy to lie upon  
 Is the sweet, shadowy meadow-grass they find  
 In that dim, dewy, noiseless field of death,  
 And wise is the physician, lord thereof,  
 With footfall soft as if he trod the sea,  
 With fingers full of cunning quick to cure  
 Such wounds as mortal doctor never cured.  
 And God is a tender nurse.

Polkaw.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

AGENT TO THE AKOOND OF SWAT.—The advertisement declined under any conditions.

AN INQUIRER.—Very few even of Schubert's most ardent admirers know much more than one third of what Schubert has left us. He is, perhaps, the most prolific composer of whom the history of the art makes mention.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

**The Musical World.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1881.

**FAMILY RIES.**

FERDINAND, son of Franz, was born at Bonn, November 28, 1784, and died at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Jan. 13, 1838. His father began his musical education in his earliest childhood. He was taught the violin, pianoforte, and in his tenth year had made some progress on the violoncello, under the tuition of Bernhard Romberg. In his ninth year he composed a minuet. What seemed a great misfortune at this time—the loss of an eye by small-pox—proved at a later period a "blessing in disguise." The dispersion of the Electoral orchestra, by the invasion of the French, in 1794, gave his father leisure to devote more time to his son's education, and during the next three years very great progress was made.

The boy, at the age of thirteen, was taken by a friend to Arnberg to study the organ and composition with an organist there. The pupil proved superior to his teacher, and, reversing their relations, became instructor of his intended master on the violin. At the end of nine months he returned to his father, and remained in Bonn two years, studying the theory of music from books, and by the valuable practice of scoring Mozart's and Haydn's quartets and arranging them for the pianoforte. He made also pianoforte arrangements of Haydn's *Seasons* and *Creation* and of Mozart's *Requiem* with such remarkable ability for a youth of his age, that Simrock afterwards published them.

In 1801 the friend, whose name is not given, who took young Ries to Arnberg, brought him to Munich to study with Peter Winter. "He was now thrown upon his own resources; and throughout the trying and dispiriting circumstances which, with slight exceptions, attended the next years of his life, he appears to have displayed a firmness, an energy, and an independence of mind the more honourable, perhaps, from the very early age at which they were called into action. At Munich Mr Ries was left by his friend with little money and but very slender prospects. He tried for a time to procure pupils, but was at last reduced to copy music at threepence a sheet. With this scanty pittance he not only continued to keep himself from embarrassments, but saved a few ducats to take him to Vienna, where he had hopes of patronage and advancement from Beethoven."\*

In the autumn Winter departed for Paris, and Ries, having saved seven ducats, for Vienna, arriving there, it appears, in October—a few weeks before completing his seventeenth year.

"In my father's letter of introduction," says Ries in his "Notizen," "a small credit was opened with Beethoven in case of need; I never availed myself of it; but, as he occasionally became aware that I was straitened, he would voluntarily send me money, for which he never accepted payment. He really cherished a sincere affection for me." On reading Franz Ries' letter, he said to Ferdinand: "I cannot now answer your father; but do you write him, that I had not forgotten the time when my mother died. That will satisfy him." "I learned later," adds Ries, "that the Beethoven family, having then been in great need, my father assisted it in all ways."

Until after the vast social changes wrought on the continent of Europe by the French Revolution and its consequent wars, there were few musical virtuosos or composers who did not owe their

\* From an article in the *Harmonicon*, evidently written from the communications of Ries himself, then in London.



enlarged opportunities for study, observation, and practice in their art to engagements of some kind in the service of the great nobles. The musical biography of the last century shows few exceptions. So young Ries; Beethoven procured him an engagement with the Russian Count Browne as pianist—a singular proof of his talents and acquirements. Beethoven seems to have confined his instructions to Ries to the perfecting of his pianoforte playing; he would give him no instruction in the science of music; but, by his personal efforts, won the consent of Albrechtsberger to take the youth as a pupil at a ducat a lesson. As he was only able to devote twenty-eight ducats to this purpose, with that number of lessons his theoretic studies under a teacher ended.

Ries' relations to Beethoven and experiences with him are recorded in the interesting and valuable Notices, published as addenda to Wegeler's in 1838, and translated in the English version of Schindler's book, published in London in 1840, and, therefore, accessible to the English reader, who is referred to them.

As a citizen of Bonn, he was drawn in the French conscription of 1805, and was forced to present himself there, or subject his father to great inconvenience if not ruin. The "Army of Austerlitz" was then advancing on Vienna; he could obtain no passport for the journey home direct; nor could he obtain any kind of public conveyance, at a moment when richer fugitives than he were flying in all directions. He started therefore in September and made his weary way mostly on foot, *via* Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic. He reached Coblenz early enough to escape the penalty of desertion, and the loss of his eye saved him there from being forced into the army.

Being now in (what was then) the French Empire, and a citizen of it, he afterwards made his way to Paris. How he managed to exist there he has not recorded; but he met no success either as composer, performer, or teacher. A few pupils he did have, but so few that his hopes sank, and he so seriously thought of abandoning music altogether, as to apply to an influential friend to procure him some post under the Government. That friend strongly dissuaded him from this course, advised him to go to Russia, and promised, in case of failure there also, his assistance, should he return to Paris.

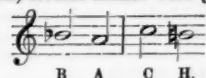
It was now 1808, and Ries bent his way to Vienna, arriving there on the 27th August. He was evidently in no haste to proceed to Russia, as he was still in Vienna when J. G. Reichardt arrived there (Nov. 24) and made Beethoven the very strange offer of the Kapellmeistership at Cassel, the capital of his Westphalian, effeminate and ephemeral Majesty, Jerome Bonaparte. Ries knew of this offer, but nothing of the arrangement, which determined Beethoven to reject it. One day Reichardt saw Ries and told him that Beethoven had refused the place, and asked if he, as Beethoven's single pupil, would go to Cassel on a smaller salary. Ries not believing in Beethoven's refusal, went to him to learn the truth and ask advice. "Three weeks long," says he, "I was turned away, and my letters to him on the subject were unanswered. At last I met Beethoven at a public ball. I approached him at once and explained to him my object, when he exclaimed in cutting tones, 'So—you believe that you can fill a place which has been offered to me?'—and remained cold and repellant. The next morning I went to him to have an explanation. The servant said rudely, 'My master is not at home,' although I heard him singing and playing in the next room. As the servant would not announce me I thought of entering without; but he sprang to the door and pushed me back. Enraged, I caught him by the throat and hurled him to the floor. Beethoven, hearing the noise, rushed out and found the servant still on the floor and me pale as death. Excited as I now was, I overwhelmed him with reproaches, such that he, astounded, could not speak and stood motionless. When the matter was made clear, said Beethoven, 'I did not know the matter was so; I was told that you were seeking the place behind my back.' On my assurance that I had given no answer, he went out with me immediately, to retrieve his error. But it was too late."

The French armies were again to interfere with Ries' plans. In the beginning of May, 1809, they approached Vienna. It was thought by the Austrian commanders that if the capital could hold out eight or ten days the enemy might yet be defeated. There were 16,000 regular troops, and various improvised corps—one of a thousand students and artists, and Ries probably among them; for, says the *Harmonicon*, "He was sent to the barracks

with a number of others to be drilled and disciplined; but the approach of the French was so rapid that all such preparations were found to be too late, and the recruits were suffered to return to their homes." Soon after, the Emperor of the French occupied the Austrian Imperial Palace at Schönbrunn. There was now nothing for Ries to hope for in Vienna, but, as a French subject, nothing to prevent his departure. He next appears in Cassel, where he played at Jerome's Court, remained through the coming winter, and on the 25th January and the 23rd February gave concerts, to crowded audiences and with immense success, both as composer and pianist. But there was no Kapellmeistership for him. Thence to Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Stockholm—in the last named city in September, 1810—in all these cities he added to his reputation both as composer and pianist, and something to his finances by successful concerts.

On his passage from Sweden to Russia the ship was taken by an English man-of-war, and all the passengers were confined eight days on a rocky islet. Arrived, at length, in St Petersburg, he had the good fortune to find there his old master, Bernard Romberg—one of the very greatest of violoncellists—and with him made a concert tour, in every respect successful. Prevented from journeying to Moscow by the French campaign of 1812, he turned his thoughts to England, and in April, 1813, he appears at Stockholm again, on his way thither. Ries excelled in extemporising on the pianoforte. In one of the two very lucrative concerts, which he now gave in Stockholm, several themes were given him

for subjects; one of them was



which

he made the subject of a fugue. He departed from Stockholm with a greatly increased reputation—which was extended through all German-speaking lands of Europe by the eulogistic correspondence in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*—and with the diploma of the Swedish Royal Academy of Music, of which he had been made member. His second concert was on the 14th April, and before the month closed he was in London.

He was now in his 29th year, in vigorous health, his mind stored with various information, and enlarged by wide observation, his character nobly developed by the poverty and misfortunes of his younger years, honourably ambitious, and determined with all energy to make the most of the smiles of fortune for which he had so long patiently waited and laboured.

That excellent man, J. P. Salomon, to whom instrumental music in England owes so much, was then at the height of his influence in the London musical world, and, happily for Ries, was greatly pleased with his young townsman—for he was also a native of Bonn. He introduced him to the public as an artist and composer at the concerts of the newly established Philharmonic Society, and proved his high opinion of him as a man by making him, two years later, one of the executors of his testament. After his death, Ries appears to have stood first in that remarkable group of Continental musicians then in London. Nor does he appear to have lost his pre-eminence during the eleven years of his life there.

They were years of herculean labours. His compositions numbered at their close, 134 works, five of which were symphonies. Many of the numbers embraced several compositions. As a pianist and teacher he was in constant demand. He was a very active member of the Philharmonic Society. His correspondence with Beethoven during the whole period is highly creditable to him, proving his gratitude to his master, and the energy with which he laboured to promote his interests. That Beethoven profited so little therefrom was no fault of Ries.

Having accumulated a fortune adequate to the demands of a life of comfort—he had no taste for useless splendour and luxury, Ries gave a farewell concert in London, April 8, 1824, and soon after removed with his English wife to Godesberg, near Bonn, where he had purchased a villa.

Beethoven once said of his compositions: "He imitates me too much"; and it was remarked of him by the writer in the *Harmonicon* (March 1824), that he "was a disciple of the Beethoven school." "But he is too rich in invention, too independent in spirit to be an imitator; and many of his productions show originality of composition and a vigour of execution that rank him with the great writers of the age." The hopes that Ries,

now having leisure for the thorough study of his compositions, might produce works of lasting popularity and classical value, were not fulfilled. Technically great, as much that he composed both before and after his retirement was, that indescribable something, that touch of nature which, also in music, makes the whole world kin, was not his to impart—and his works are forgotten!

"Mr Ries," adds the article above cited, "is justly celebrated as one of the finest piano performers of the present day; his hand is powerful, and his execution is certain—often surprising; but his playing is most distinguished from that of all others by its romantic wildness."

Though a great loser by the failure of a London Banking House in the hard times of 1825-6, he was, happily, still able to live independently. About 1830 he removed to Frankfort-on-the-Maine. In 1834 he was called to the direction of the *Nieder-rheinische Musikfest*, held that year at Aix-la-Chapelle, which led to his engagement there as head of the city orchestra and Singakademie. But in 1836 he returned to Frankfort; the next year he again conducted the Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, and then assumed the direction of the Cecilia Society in Frankfort—for a few months only—for on the 13th January, 1838, he died after a short illness.

The principal works which he composed after his return to his native land are, *Die Räuberbraut*, an opera performed in 1830 with considerable success at Berlin and other German cities, *Liska*, a comic opera, composed in London for Arnold's English opera at the Adelphi, in 1831, not very successful—it was written in haste, and he had the direction of a musical festival in Dublin on his mind at the time—and two oratorios, *Die Könige Israels* and *Der Sieg des Glaubens*.

A. W. T.

[Ferdinand Ries also composed, among other sacred pieces, an oratorio, entitled *Deborah*.—W. D. D.]

#### ALBANI AGAIN AT BRUSSELS.

Mdme Albani has once more attracted all the rank and fashion of this capital to the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The *Guide Musical* says:—

"There is nothing interesting in the way of news, except the performance which Mdme Albani came here expressly to give for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations. The great and generous artist was rewarded by a brilliant triumph for this good act. The evening was superb, and, independently of its charitable purpose, proved an immense treat for the admirers of grand lyric and dramatic art. Mdme Albani never sang or played better as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. Stimulated by the sympathy of the public, she surpassed herself. She was overwhelmed with a deluge of flowers and presents, and called before the lights over and over again. The gifted, accomplished, and charming Canadian has fairly earned the freedom of the city of Brussels."

[As she has earned that of London, Paris, and other important cities. In fact, Albani is a free artistic citizen of the world.—W. D. D.]

THE ANNUAL concert of Sir Julius Benedict will be held in St James's Hall, on the afternoon of the 20th June.

*Lohengrin* is to be heard this day, for the first time in France, the Vicomtesse Vigier, remembered by many amateurs both in London and Paris as Sophie Cruvelli (the Fidelio of Fidelios), in co-operation with the "Cercle de la Méditerranée," having organized a performance of Wagner's finest lyric drama, the proceeds of which are to be for the benefit of the poor at Nice. Mdme Vigier herself (destined by Meyerbeer to be the Selika in his *Africaine*) is to play the part of Elsa.

LEIPSIK.—A concert has been given in aid of the building fund of an Anglo-American church now being erected. Among those who volunteered their services was Miss Agnes Bartlett, a young pianist from Dresden, who played a Polonaise by Liszt; "Polonaise-Fantaisie," Op. 61, by Chopin; and two short pieces by Hans von Bronsart. At a recent concert of the Dresden "Liedertafel," under the direction of Rösler, Mad. Schuch-Proska was the solo-vocalist.

#### A LETTER FROM LISZT ABOUT BÜLOW.

(From the "Gazette de Hongrie.")

Buda-Pesth, Feb. 18, 1881.

HONOURED SIR AND FRIEND,—You wish to know what impression yesterday's Bülow concert made upon me. He belongs to you, he belongs to us all, to the entire intelligent public of Europe. Stated in two words: it was admiration, enthusiasm. Twenty-five years ago Bülow was my pupil in music, just as twenty-five years previously I was the pupil of my highly honoured and dearly loved master, Czerny. But it has been given to Bülow to strive better and more perseveringly than to me. His edition of Beethoven, which is worthy of all admiration, is dedicated to me as the "Fruit of my teaching." But here the teacher had to learn from his pupil, and Bülow continues to instruct—as much by his astonishing virtuosity as a pianist, as by his extraordinary musical knowledge, and now also by his incomparable direction of the Meiningen orchestra. There! you have an example of the musical progress of our times. Heartily yours,

FRANZ LISZT.

Herrn Pazmándy.

#### CONCERTS.

MR AGUILAR's performance of Pianoforte Music, on Thursday, March 3, at his residence, consisted of a Sonata in C (Aguilar); Nocturne (Op. 62, No. 1), (Chopin); Polonaise in E (Liszt); "Oft in the still night" (Transcription), (Aguilar); Sonata Appassionata (Beethoven); Moment Musical (No. 2), and Impromptu (No. 6), (Schubert); Andante and Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn); "Appeal" and "In a wood on a windy day" (Transcriptions), (Aguilar); Idyll and Esmeralda (morceau caractéristique), (Aguilar).

Mr and Mrs Artherton Furlong gave a concert on the evening of March 5, at Steinway Hall, assisted by Misses Lilly Croft, Mathilde Lennon and Kate Lyons, Messrs G. Lennon, Isidore de Lara, Monari Rocca, Ghilberti and J. A. Brouil. The hall was full, and concert givers were greeted with a cordial welcome from their friends and patrons. Mrs Furlong was encored in "A summer shower" (T. Marzials) and "The time of roses" (Mina Gould); while Mr Furlong in "Be thou faithful unto death" (Mendelssohn), was similarly complimented. Among other successful pieces were "I am thine and thou art mine," sung by the composer (Signor de Lara); "Sleep, my love" (Sullivan), by Miss Lennon; and "Patria" (Tito Mattei), by Signor Ghilberti. M. Brouil had also to repeat a *sarabande* and *gavotte* for violoncello, by Popper. The concert ended with the sextet, "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, given in the proper spirit by Misses Croft and Lennon, Messrs Lennon, Furlong, Rocca and Ghilberti. Signor Romano was the accompanist.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.—This society of gentlemen amateurs gave a very successful concert on the 17th inst., at Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace Road, in aid of the building fund for the new hospital of St Peter's (for stone, &c.), a site for which has been fixed upon in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. The band of forty-two performers, under the conductorship of Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, acquitted themselves well. The orchestral portion of the programme consisted of A. Adam's overture to *Le Roi d'Yvetot*; Mozart's *Andante* and *Minuetto* from Symphony, No. 5; Lachner's *Intermezzo*, Suite No. 2; Ambrose Thomas's ballet music from *Hamlet*; and the Festive March from Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The performance throughout was very creditable, and much applauded. Mr W. P. Mills gave as a flute solo F. Clay's "Romance," and Mr Louis H. d'Egville, accompanied by his sister, a violin solo of his own on Hungarian Airs, which was rapturously encored. Miss Beata Francis gave a very clever rendering of "The bird that came in spring," by Sir Julius Benedict, with flute *obbligato* by Mr Mills. Miss Francis was equally successful with Balfe's popular "Kil-larney." Miss Evelyn d'Egville created a very favourable impression by the tasteful manner in which she sang "Tre Giorni," by Pergolesi. Three songs by Mr Lionel S. Benson were also much appreciated. When ladies and gentlemen employ their talents for such laudable objects, they well deserve success, and on this occasion they fully succeeded.

MISS HELENE SPRINGMÜHL's second concert was held at the "Athenaeum," Camden Road, on the 10th inst., before an audience

of some four hundred amateurs. An excellent and varied programme was provided, comprising high-class vocal and instrumental music, executed with great success. Miss Springmühl chose for her principal piece Schumann's Sonata,\* her rendering of which made a highly favourable impression. Equally successful were the duets—Moscheles' "Hommage à Haendel" and Raff's "Tarantelle"—played by Misses Helene and Genevieve Springmühl. The leading vocalist, Mr Henry Guy, sang, with his usual good taste, "Una furtiva lagrima," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and Tozer's "Good-bye." Miss Kathleen Grant, too rarely heard in North London, sang "The Better Land" (Gower), and, later in the evening, "O bid your faithful Ariel fly," both with well-merited success. Mr Charles Bevan contributed Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and "The Monk" (Meyerbeer). A flute solo, "Le Babillard," was given by Mr H. Seaweed, a member of the "Belsize Amateur Orchestral Society," which elicited marked satisfaction. The concert was brought to a close by Brahms' "Liebeslieder" waltzes, in which Miss Kathleen Grant, Mrs Bradshawe McKay, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Charles Bevan took part; and the audience left the hall well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—St James's Hall was crowded on Saturday, although nothing new appeared in the programme—otherwise excellent—seeing that Herr Joachim led Mozart's D minor quartet (No. 2 of the Haydn set), Mdlse Schumann played her late husband's *Faschingschwank* (or "Fantasiebilder"), Signor Piatti gave the favourite Sonata in D by Locatelli, which he has himself so ingeniously arranged for violoncello and pianoforte, Herr Joachim introduced some more of the Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and airs by Handel and Beethoven were sung by Mr Frederick King (who is rapidly making way). Schubert's glowingly imaginative quintet in C major, for stringed instruments, was also given—one of the most remarkable of the works published after the death of that singularly gifted genius, which, by the way, happened in 1828, the year of its composition. As a model specimen of Schubert at his very best, this quintet may reasonably be cited. Each of the four movements has a special individuality; the *adagio* is a masterpiece of expression and melody, and the trio (almost as sombre as a funeral march), which alternates with the lively trio, is something that no other but Schubert, Beethoven alone excepted, could have imagined. The performance, "magisterially" led by Joachim, with the rock-like support of Piatti, as bass, Signor Pezze as second violoncello, Herr Ries and Mr Zerbini, as second violin and viola, was irreproachable. Mdlse Schumann appeared only once, but that once sufficed to prove that in the interpretation of Beethoven's latest works she still maintains her hold. The sonata she chose was the one in A (Op. 101), earliest of the famous series that for so long a time perplexed the brains and tried the fingers of ninety-nine pianists out of a hundred, but are now happily as familiar as any among their twenty-seven precursors. The singer was Miss Santley, who again, in Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," and a song by Mr Arthur Thomas, of the Royal Academy of Music, won sympathy by the sweet tones of her as yet immatured voice, and her pure, while unobtrusive, method of using it. The manner and bearing of this charming young lady are in the highest degree prepossessing. The programme also comprised the *adagio* from Spohr's sixth violin concerto (Herr Joachim), and the merriest of Haydn's quartets, in C—a healthy and powerful antidote to the band-boxes and wind-bags of modern Germany.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Schubert symphony on Saturday was the No. 6 (C major), which had been heard once previously at these concerts—in the winter of 1868. It was enjoyed then, but far better appreciated on the present occasion, thanks to a performance not less careful in detail than satisfactory in *ensemble*. The sixth symphony equals in attraction any of its precursors; and though the influence of Haydn and Mozart—to whom now must fairly be added Beethoven (see Beethoven's "No. 1," in the same key)—is still to a great extent apparent, it shows a marked advance in breadth of development, if not in that symmetry of design which Schubert's early orchestral efforts go to prove was the result of his familiar acquaintance with the master-works of those composers. Another interesting feature of the programme was the technically neat, even brilliant execution of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in G, by Herr Barth, from Berlin, who also played excerpts from Scarlatti, Chopin, and Henselt. The "novelty" was a "symphonic poem," *Eleonora*, by Uberto Bandini, an Italian composer, who, on the strength of this very piece, was awarded the first prize at Turin in July, 1880. There were eighty-seven competitors, and if the "poem symphonic" is really the most worthy of the eighty-seven contributions, we can only say that we have little curiosity to know anything about the remaining eighty-six. The famous legendary poem of Bürger has on

several occasions inspired musicians with a desire to reflect it in their art; but surely a *Lenore* like this was never heard till now. It is simply Liszt in convulsions. Happily Signor Bandini is young—barely twenty-one years of age; but that he has been too early incited to emulate the "symphonic poem," so-called—in most of its forms a sort of excrescence peculiar to our immediate times—is unquestionable. Vocal music by Mr Frank Boyle and Mdlse Patey, with the Sylph Dance and Hungarian March from the *Faust* of Berlioz, made up the programme. The conducting of Mr Manns, was, as usual, careful and masterly.

M. LAMOUREUX.—The first of two "Orchestral Concerts," announced some time ago by this adventurous French musician, late conductor at the Grand Opera, and chief promoter of Handel's works in Paris, was a thoroughly legitimate success. M. Lamoureux, an experienced and admirable conductor, had engaged an orchestra of over a hundred practised executants, fully capable of rendering a good account of any "novelties" that might be set before them. The programme was almost exclusively made up of music by French composers, including among other things some familiar excerpts from the pen of the now so much extolled Berlioz, a highly effective performance of whose overture, *Le Carnaval Romain*, convinced the audience that they had come to listen to an entertainment of no ordinary excellence. This, in fact, was exemplified throughout the evening in various compositions by Gouvy, Lalo, Godard, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Reyer. Incomparably the best among them was the symphony in F by Théodore Gouvy, second of five works of the kind, which (like the symphonies of another French composer—M. Reber) ought, long ago, to have been introduced among us. The *Symphonic Espagnole* of M. Edouard Lalo, though by no means without intrinsic merit, owed its success chiefly to the admirable performance of the violin *obbligato* part by M. Sainton. The vocalists were Mdlse Brunet-Lafleur, who comes from France with a high reputation (her claim to which was fully established by her rendering of an air from Gluck's *Alceste*) and our own superb contralto, Mdlse Patey. Besides taking the vocal part of "Aurore," a solo for contralto voice with orchestral accompaniments by M. Godard, Mdlse Patey joined her French comrade, Mdlse Lafleur, in the nocturne, "Nuit paisible et sereine," the most popular number in the opera, *Beatrice et Benedict*, originally produced by Berlioz, at Baden Baden, at the suggestion of Mdlse Pauline Viardot Garcia. This was given by both ladies to perfection. In fact, the concert was a success in every respect merited. M. Lamoureux announces a second concert for Tuesday next, in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary.—*Graphic*.

#### PROVINCIAL.

ABERDEEN.—The *Creation* was given by the Aberdeen Tonic Solfa Institute on Monday evening, Feb. 28. The principal singers were Miss José Sherrington, Messrs Harper Kearton, and Robert Hilton. Miss Sherrington sang "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," the first with engaging simplicity, the last with appropriate brilliancy. The soprano music found in her altogether a worthy interpreter. Mr Hilton was very successful with "Now Heaven in fullest glory"; and the duet, with Miss Sherrington, "By thee with bliss," obtained a well merited "encore." Mr Kearton's best performance was "In native worth." The choruses were well sung, especially "Awake the harp," and "The marvellous works," the band, led by Mr Rae and conducted by Mr Litster, being quite up to their work. Mr Kirby presided at the organ.

#### CONCERT AT KENSINGTON HOUSE.

A large and distinguished audience crowded Kensington House on Tuesday last, on the occasion of a concert in aid of a fund for adding more rooms to the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows. A recent lamentable event prevented the Royal Family from being present, but, otherwise, everything went according to arrangement. Lady Folkestone sang an old English ballad with the charm for which she has the *spécialité*. Lady Agneta Montague gave "Ernani involami" with great effect, while Lady Simeon chose for her solo Carissimi's "Vittoria." Miss Damian's rich contralto was enlisted in the good cause, and several other ladies (amateurs) gave their services. Lord Bennet rendered two songs, in French, by Gounod with much talent, and the Earl of Dunmore appeared both as composer and executant. Mr John Thomas (harp) and M. Lasserre (violoncello) played admirably; in short, the concert was an artistic success; and we trust its financial result may be a substantial help to the pressing necessity which called forth so much laudable exertion.

\* Which Sonata?—Dr Bülge.



## THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Time goes on and the world changes. The day following that on which some fragments of Berlioz's dramatic symphony *Romeo et Juliette* were produced in Exeter Hall (March 24, 1852), the composer wrote to his friend D'Ortigue, "Consternation reigns in the camp of the old Philharmonic Society. — and — (naming two prominent officials) drink their bile out of full glasses." In a second letter, he remarked that the entire press praised him, save one journal, whose critic happened to be the Philharmonic Society's secretary. During the twenty-nine years intervening between then and now the society kept the French master's music pretty much at arm's length. Indeed no long while ago its directors put aside a suggestion made by Mr W. H. Cummings to include the beautiful "Repose of the Holy Family" (*L'Enfance du Christ*) in one of its programmes. Berlioz has now become fashionable, and the Philharmonic hastens to lay an olive branch upon his tomb. *Apropos* to the solemn performance of *Romeo et Juliette* in St James's Hall the managers might take up the strain of the Capulets and Montagues over the lovers' bodies, and sing, to Mr Hueffers's English version:

"Ah! what feeling new and strange,  
All is forgotten, all forgiven,  
Lo! the sweet dew of heaven  
Hath wrought this wondrous change."

In some measure we owe the composition of *Romeo et Juliette* to Paganini. The Italian virtuoso, who had long been an admirer of Berlioz, heard his two symphonies, *La Fantastique* and *Harold*, at a concert given in Paris (December, 1838), and was moved to such enthusiasm that, making his way to the master, he knelt and kissed his hand. Gratitude for pleasure received took, however, a more substantial form than this. The next day Berlioz, then on a sick bed, received a letter from the great violinist, informing him that Messrs Rothschild had been advised to pay to his order the sum of 20,000 francs. Let the composer himself picture the scene that followed: "My wife, entering at that moment, and seeing me with a letter in my hand and a pale face, cried, 'What has happened now? Some new misfortune? Never mind. We have borne up against the others.' 'No, no; on the contrary.' 'What is it, then?' 'Paganini——.' 'Well?' 'He has sent me 20,000 francs.' 'Louis! Louis!' cried Henriette, distractedly, running to my son, who was playing in the adjoining room, 'Come here to your mother, come and thank the good God for what he has done for your father!' Then my wife and son prostrated themselves by the side of my bed, the mother praying, the child by her side joining his little hands. O Paganini, what a scene! If you could but have witnessed it!" With his debts paid and his mind at ease, Berlioz conceived a splendid thank-offering in the form of a work "new and vast, grandiose, passionate, fanciful," and worthy of dedication to his illustrious benefactor. Various subjects were accordingly submitted to Paganini—who had gone to Nice to die—but the answer of the great artist was, "I have no advice to give. No one knows better than yourself what will suit you." Left to his own judgment, Berlioz decided to produce a work combining orchestral movements with vocal solos and choruses, in illustration of scenes from Shakspeare's Venetian play. During seven months the composer laboured well-nigh incessantly at his task, and the piece, when completed, was performed three times in quick succession at the Conservatoire. It met with a sympathetic hearing, but entirely satisfied neither its author nor some of the critics, who, however, were not allowed to exercise the privilege of fault-finding with impunity. Berlioz styled their remarks "horrible stupidities," and when one accused him of not understanding Shakspeare, he called his censor a "toad puffed up with silliness." These little amenities, however, did not so excite the master's pride as to prevent him from making considerable changes in his work. He added here, cut away there, modified in many places, and finally brought out the symphony—if so it must be called—at Vienna (1846) with the entire approval of his own exacting judgment.

Writing of *Romeo et Juliette*, long before his first visit to England, Berlioz said: "It presents immense executive difficulties—difficulties of all kinds, inherent in its form and style, and only to be overcome by studies patiently made and perfectly directed. To perform it well, all the artists should be of the first rank, and willing to deal with the work as in good lyric theatres they deal with a new opera, that is to say, as though it had to be learned by heart." The composer added, "Consequently it will never be heard in London, where the needful rehearsals are impossible. In that country musicians have no time to make music." Berlioz himself was fated to answer his own charge by directing a performance of the first four scenes in Exeter Hall; and by writing thereabout, "The music was given with verve, finesse, and intelligence unknown

in this country. The orchestra, at times, exceeded in power anything I had ever heard." Nor was the reception of the "Symphony" other than favourable. Unable to find a word sufficiently expressive in his every-day vocabulary, the composer styled his success "pyramidal," while one of the most eminent of English critics wrote: "The attention with which the whole performance was listened to demonstrated the sincere desire of the audience to value the merits of M. Berlioz to the full extent of their capacity, and the frequent and flattering applause bestowed upon the several movements was a sign that the impression produced was favourable to the work and its composer." Here we may pause a while to refute the notion that public appreciation of Berlioz in England is a new thing. We are often told by the champions of unacknowledged pretenders to our homage that the heroes of the present are the despised of the past. This certainly cannot be said of Berlioz. His works have been neglected because of their difficulty, the large expenditure they involve; and so on, but whenever adequately given, amateurs have shown no lack of sympathy with their unquestionable genius. As to this, let the master once more give evidence referring to the production of a part of his *Damnation de Faust*: "Our last concert took place with extraordinary success. There was an immense crowd, and the receipts were large. I was re-called four or five times. Two pieces in *Faust* were encored with shouts and stampings; the papers say there never has been in London a musical triumph so pronounced." We may conclude from this and a host of concurrent testimony that the music of Berlioz dropped out of our concert repertory, not because the public rejected it, but because their caterers found its production inconvenient, and were not stimulated to special objects by keen competition, as is the case now.

*Romeo and Juliet* was the second of Shakspeare's plays with which Berlioz became practically acquainted. He had seen *Hamlet* at the Odéon, and fallen madly in love with the Ophelia (Henriette Smithson), who five years later became his wife. Although not understanding at that time one word of English, the very atmosphere of the drama intoxicated him, and he declares that it was "too much" to expose himself directly afterwards to the influence of *Romeo and Juliet*—to the effect of love "prompt as thought; burning like lava, imperious, irresistible, immense, pure, and beautiful as an angel's smile, to scenes furious with the spirit of revenge! to those passionate embraces and desperate struggles between love and death." The effect upon him was overwhelming. He knew Shakspeare, he tells us, through the fog of a translation, but the art of the performers, the scenes, the action, the inflection of voice, impregnated him with Shaksperian passions a thousand times more than did his reading. Under this spell the young composer may have dreamed that some day he would touch the play with the magic wand of his art; but he denies having used the words credited to him by an English biographer, "I will marry that woman, and upon that drama I will write my greatest symphony." Nevertheless, in course of time he took Juliet to wife, and composed the piece we heard on Thursday night. The text used in the vocal part of the "symphony" is, as to its ideas, the master's own, his friend Emile Deschamps doing no more than change Berlioz's original prose into verse as it now stands. The selection and arrangement of the scenes are not, perhaps, the best conceivable. It is evident, for example, that the musician prevailed over the dramatist when room was made for two distinct and extended movements on the merely incidental subject of Queen Mab. Then the close of the prologue is divided by a huge, empty space from its precedent, and after the main interest has departed with the last breath of the lovers, the preachment of Friar Lawrence and the reconciliation of the two families—about none of whom do we care a jot—form a conspicuous anti-climax. On the other hand, Berlioz appropriated some of the most beautiful and dramatic situations in the play, such as Romeo languishing in the garden, with the revelry of the Capulets making mock of his pain; the dispersal of the joyous throng; the balcony scene, which is given exclusively to the orchestra; Juliet's funeral and the catastrophe in the tomb, as to which the librettist permitted himself an important deviation from Shakspeare. By the way, it is suggestive of singular carelessness that the scene in the tomb should be shown at variance with the original, and afterwards described by Friar Lawrence precisely in agreement therewith. In the Philharmonic programme book it was said, not without a suspicion of quiet humour—"Whether this change is intentional on the composer's part, the present writer is not prepared to decide." We can only add that to credit him seriously with the intent of making such a change is to suppose him capable of a misplaced and unmeaning joke. Coming to the music, let us say at once, and with emphasis, that we shall not at the present moment give any definite opinion whatever. The work is, generally speaking, so new and strange, its structure so elaborate, its details are so complicated, and its æsthetic pretensions so uncommon, that the man

who, charged with any responsibility, ventures to pronounce against it after one hearing supplies the best possible proof that he should be relieved of responsibility forthwith. We are free to confess that when a great work commends itself at once the chances in favour of a truthful verdict are sufficient to warrant its expression. But when, as in this case, the result is not so happy, it behoves us to exercise caution lest we do injustice alike to the composer, to his music, and to ourselves. With admiration, therefore, for much in *Romeo et Juliette* that can at once be accepted, we reserve till after another hearing the full statement of an opinion which then may be, but now cannot be, based upon adequate acquaintance with the subject. It is fair to add that the Philharmonic audience seemed to have no doubt as to what they heard. The "Queen Mab" solo, with chorus, was encored, every movement drew forth liberal applause, and at the close something like an "ovation" to the conductor, Mr Cusins, bespoke a state of general satisfaction.

For the due performance of a task which Berlioz himself pronounced most difficult, special arrangements were made by the Philharmonic directors. The orchestra was increased to one hundred instruments; a hundred and fifty members of the South London Choral Association, under Mr Venables, were engaged; the semichorus was entirely composed of professional vocalists, and the solos were entrusted to Mme Patey, Mr Boyle, and Mr King. The result of excellent material and careful preparation must, in simple justice, be pronounced good absolutely, and, by comparison with average Philharmonic work, very good indeed. That shortcomings were wholly absent we shall not be expected to say; but, having regard to the enormous difficulties in the score, the achievement was a notable one, and reflected great credit upon everybody concerned—most of all, of course, upon the conductor, who fairly deserved the honour of a special call to the platform. A second performance is soon to take place, and then we may have to note increased excellence, as well as to echo the words of a critic who, writing after a second performance twenty-nine years ago, said of *Romeo et Juliette*—"Further hearing, while rendering this extraordinary music more familiar, lays open a world of beauties that were not immediately disclosed, and in the main shows it to be much less intricate and extravagant." In this hope for the present we rest.

The "Dramatic Symphony" was preceded by the overture to *Coriolanus*, and followed by Schumann's pianoforte concerto, in which Mr Eugene D'Albert gained the unanimous applause of a critical audience.—D. T.

#### LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's fourteenth concert went off with more than usual brilliancy, notwithstanding the disappointment caused by Mme Patey's absence. Santley, in splendid voice, was rapturously encored in a charming song by Tosti, "For ever and for ever," Hatton's always welcome "Anthea," and a new song by Molloy, "The Boatwain's story." The genial way in which Mr Santley invariably responds to the general wish was appreciated as warmly as ever. Mme Antoinette Sterling gave a new song, "Listening Angels," by Cowen, and "The Lost Chord," the unanimous encore elicited by which is a sign of its unfading popularity. The rich tones of her voice blended harmoniously with those of the organ. Mr Edward Lloyd introduced a new ballad by Mr Cummings, "The love of long ago," and, later on, being encored in Sullivan's "Once again," gave in a perfect manner "Sally in our Alley," to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Mr Joseph Maas was also encored in another new ballad, "All in all," besides singing "My own my guiding star," from Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. A similar honour was awarded to Mr Theo. Marzials in his own "Rochester Bells," which bids fair to become a favourite, and in a duet with Miss Wakefield, "No, sir!" the lady's own composition. Miss Wakefield sang another composition of her own, "A little Roundhead Maid," Miss Mary Davies was heard to much advantage in Randegger's "What are they to do," Mr Maybrick emitted with his usual verve "The life that lives for you," and "Vanity." With such an *embarras de richesses*, it is impossible to do more than allude to "My darling is so fair," sung by Miss Clara Samuella, and "Golden Days," by Miss Orridge, or to note the excellent rendering by the South London Choral Association of "The Old May Day," "The Bells," "The Weaver," &c. The concert was one of the most varied and attractive of the series now about to close. Happily swallows come again in spring, summer follows next, and the London Ballad Concerts, as usual, will be resumed under the reviving influence of the meridian sun.

#### MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The benefit of M. Sylvan, a first tenor of the winter troupe at the Salle Monsigny, took place last night. The theatre was crammed, the attractions being *Le Chalet* and *La Grande Duchesse*. In the former, M. Sylvan was assisted by Desniten (bass), an old favourite here, and Mdle Crausse (*première chanteuse*). The performance was good throughout, all the principal artists throwing themselves with zeal into the parts assigned to them—Daniel, Serjeant, Max, and Bettly. M. Sylvan especially distinguished himself, and, besides winning general applause, was presented by his comrades with a large wreath as he stepped before the lamps. The vicissitudes of poor Private, Corporal, Serjeant, quickly promoted, and subsequently degraded, Fitz won him additional marks of favour. He was supported by Mdles Crausse, B. Ollivier, Mme Bonnelly-Dumay, and the rest. The choruses were effective, and the orchestra was all that could be desired.

X T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, March 16th, 1881.

#### "GHOSTS."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As you are a musician, pray play over Rosellen's *Réverie* in G, and Stoepe's "Ghost melody," and then tell me whether they are identical!

Alas! in these remote parts I cannot find a copy of either.

Richard Hughes composed the music for the Ball Scene (galop, &c.).

R. E. L.

Nice, March 5.

[Pray answer this query, as a bet of unknown amount depends upon your decision.]

[We had the pleasure of knowing Rosellen somewhat intimately. Had "R. E. L." enjoyed the same advantage he would scarcely have addressed us in these equivocal terms.—Dr Bling.]

#### BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Wagner will probably attend some at least of the performances at the Victoria Theater of his *Tetralogy*, one peculiarity about which is that the leading actors will alternate their characters. Herr Vogl will at first play Loge in *Rheingold*, and Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, while Siegfried, in the "opera drama" of that name, and *Götterdämmerung*, will be represented by Herr Jäger. For the second series, this will be reversed. The same plan is to be adopted with the ladies, Mme Vogl and Mme Friedrich-Materna taking it in turns to play Sieglinde and Brünhilde.

THE ILLUSTRATED OPERA SERIES.—*Lohengrin*, legend and poem written and translated by John P. Jackson and David Bogue, is a sort of album, devoted generally to Herr Wagner, of whom Mr Jackson is known to be a fervent admirer, and particularly to *Lohengrin*, which all necessary things considered—legend, drama, and music—may be pronounced the most beautiful, as it is certainly the most popular, of his works. The Knight of the Swan, says Mr Jackson in his preface, "has been the apostle of the music of the future. This charming legendary figure has borne the name and fame of the composer through all the world, and gained for him his first and his most lasting friends." Whatever musicians of this or that school may think of Herr Wagner's works, there can be no doubt as to their possessing the power of inspiring enthusiasm; and this alone, apart from criticism of a direct and minute kind, would prove Herr Wagner to be a man of genius. Mr Jackson's enthusiasm, like the Roman satirist's indignation (which is enthusiasm in another form), "makes verse;" and in his translations from Wagner's incomparable libretto we find an excellent prose writer transformed into a genuine poet. In the legend of *Lohengrin* (or more properly, "The Story of Monsalvat") Mr Jackson uses language which is at once simple, quaint, and manly, and which thus reproduces the exact character of the original. Mr Jackson puts himself boldly forward as a Wagnerian propagandist, and he has found a powerful and a charming associate in Mrs Frances Manet Jackson, by whom the *Musical Gems for Voice and Piano*, have been arranged. Besides all that is essential for the understanding of *Lohengrin*, the album contains a portrait of Herr Wagner, and some dozen illustrations of the principal scenes in the opera.—*Pan*, March 5th.

## SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

At the Grand Opera, Wednesday, the 30th inst., is the date at present named for the first performance of Ch. Gounod's new work, *Le Tribut de Zamorra*. It would not, however, greatly surprise the experienced in such matters were the event not to come off on the day in question. *Qui vivra, verra*. Mad. Montalba, as Selika, in *L'Africaine*, has afforded general satisfaction. She is understudying Mad. Krauss in *Le Tribut*, and Myrrha, in *Le Roi de Lahore*. Mdle Sangalli has re-appeared in *Yedda*, and received a greeting. *La Korrigane*, with Mdle Mauri, continues to attract. The Prince of Wales and Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar attended a recent performance. C. M. Widor, composer of the music, was presented to them by M. Vaucorbeil.—Cherouvrier, chief secretary, having resigned, is succeeded provisionally by Nutter.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* has drawn large houses. *Mignon* is approaching its 600th night. *La Flûte Enchantée*, with Mad. Carvalho, would have been in the bills again ere now but for the illness of M. Carvalho. *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* will be ready about the end of the month. Marie Vanzandt (Dinorah) will introduce the recitatives written by Meyerbeer for Mad. Carvalho, when the opera was first produced, at the Royal Italian Opera, by the late Mr Frederick Gye. Mdle Bilbaut-Vauchelet, from Cannes, has re-appeared in *Les Diamants de la Couronne*.

On the Saturday that Mdme Adelina Patti opened in *La Sonnambula*, at the Théâtre des Nations, above 500,000 francs were booked for the sixteen performances. The house was crowded in every part, among the distinguished visitors being the President of the Republic, with Mdme and Mdle Grévy, the Rothschilds, the Duc de Bojano, Baron and Barcess Erlanger, M. and Mdme Jules Ferry, the Countess Roumanoff, and a host of others. Mdme Patti, who sang magnificently, had an enthusiastic reception. Sig. Mancinelli presides over an orchestra which, without being of the first class, might, nevertheless, be considerably better.

Mdle Bilbaut-Vauchelet is engaged to marry the tenor, Nicot. Gaston Serpette, author of *La Branche Cassée* and *La Nuit de Saint-Germain*, is appointed musical critic on *La Presse*, in place of Léon Kerst, who leaves that paper to devote himself entirely to the *Voltaire*, in which he has hitherto written under the pseudonym of Léon de Froidmont.—Ambrose Thomas has returned from Nice, and resumed his duties as Director of the Conservatory.—The Mirlitons Club, in consequence of the great success achieved by Joseph Gung'l, at one of their Thursday evenings, have presented him with a conducting-stick, bearing this inscription: "The Artistic Union to Joseph Gung'l, 3rd March, 1881."—Miss Emma Thursby, "la Patti des Concerts," as she has been styled, has returned here, and will sing at M. Colonne's Concert on the 20th inst. Mdme Sophie Menter, one of F. Liszt's favourite pupils, will play on the same occasion.

ST RÉMY.—The papers here are full of enthusiasm about the debut of a young English artist, Mdle Clairvaux, in the trying part of Amina (*La Sonnambula*). Her success appears to have been complete and legitimate.

MR SULLIVAN'S *Martyr of Antioch* was performed last night under the composer's own direction. More in our next.

THE *Romeo et Juliette* of Berlioz will be repeated at the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society. At this day's Popular Concert a quartet by Volkmann, a composer whose works are little known in England, will be introduced by Herr Joachim for the first time.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Russian Musical Society, on the anniversary of Glinka's death, gave a "Commemorative Concert," at which the programme was made up exclusively from his works. At the same Society's ninth concert, Bizet's Suite, *L'Arlesienne*, again excited much interest. Boris Schnell's first symphony (G major) and a new pianoforte concerto (D minor), by Brassin, were applauded, but some energetic hissing accompanied the applause. Brassin, however, who conducted his own work, was recalled and allowed to play another piece. The features at the tenth and final concert were Tchaikowski's second Symphony, Beethoven's "*Leonore* Overture," and the Schicksals-Lied of Brahms.

## PUNCH AT THE "POPS."

Last Saturday Mdme Schumann gave us "her last appearance (but six)" to quote the advertisement, which reads like a sort of stage "aside." Were the line written dramatically it would be—

HIGH ART-HUR CHAPPELL (*aloud*). Her last appearance!!!—(*winking aside*)—but six. [*Exit slyly.*]

Her reception was enthusiastic, as usual. Yet there is always a certain shade of melancholy that must tinge the pleasure of any one who assists at a concert of celebrities, arising from the fact, not of it being their last appearance bar six (why not "bar six" when speaking of musicians, Mr Chappell, or is it too sporting?)—but of being present for the sole purpose of witnessing their execution! Boldly, yet modestly, Mdme Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti stepped on to the scaffold—we mean the platform—and their execution was as glorious a triumph as that of any Martyr of Penzance—no, Mr Sullivan we should have said *Antioch*. The *Martyrs of Penzance* would be a Ritualistic Opera. The selection on Saturday deserved to be murdered rather than justly executed, it being about the dullest thing we've heard for some time. By way of relief, a pale young gentleman of feeble appearance, but with a fairly strong voice, sang Handel's light and airy trifle, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," which had quite an enlivening effect. We recommend everyone to go to all "the Last Appearances but Six"—(why stay away from the six, though? eh, Mr Chappell?)—of the gifted pianist, Mdme Schumann.—Punch.

[Mr Punch had better tighten his braces and clean his history; otherwise he runs the risk of being likened to a gridiron without ribs—or to a bad curlew, flying round a crooked mountain. Let him sacrifice an ox to Jupiter.—Dr Blingr.]

## WAIFS.

Mr Tennyson's *Song of the Sisters*, "O diviner air," from his new volume of poems, has been set as a duet by Mr Arthur Sullivan, and will appear in that form in the *Leisure Hour* for April.

Herr Otto Leu, the violoncellist, has arrived in town.

The first performance of Gounod's new opera, *Le Tribut de Zamorra*, which was promised for the 30th of this month, is again postponed for a short time.

Sir Herbert Oakeley, Musical Professor at the University of Edinburgh, has had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the Senatus Academicus of the University of Aberdeen.

The concert at the Royal Academy of Music, on Monday evening, in aid of the Henry Smart Memorial Fund, was completely successful. The programme was devoted exclusively to works, vocal and instrumental, by the late distinguished English musician.

At a special service at St Matthias', Earl's Court, on Friday last, the 11th inst., a new cantata, *Give Eternal Rest*, adapted to the music of a requiem composed for Mr Faulkner Leigh's Choir by J. H. Bonawitz, was performed for the first time with a full orchestra and chorus, conducted by the composer. The tenor solos were sung by Mr Faulkner Leigh. The work is masterly in construction and written with true musicianlike knowledge, and we shall hope to hear again more of the work. A symphony in D flat by Eaton Fanning was introduced and an orchestral movement by the French composer, Massenet—the latter having a particularly soothing effect after the more massive character of Herr Bonawitz's work. The tenor song, "I heard the voice of Jesus say" (Coenen), was sung with excellence and pure devotional feeling by Mr Faulkner Leigh, the director of the choir of St Matthias.—(Communicated.)

A Dahomey menagerie and circus proprietor announced lately for his benefit that a learned elephant, as big as a mastodon, would play (during the "customs" witnessed by the intrepid Captain Burton), on a "magnificent Brinsmead." All Dahomey, including King and Amazons, rushed to hear the tusked *virtuoso*. A new piano was brought into the middle of the circus and top removed. After obeisances, the elephant advanced to the piano. Raising his foot, he placed it on the keys, but suddenly uttered a fearful cry, which occasioned no small alarm. The proprietor then stuck his head into the animal's ponderous jaws to learn the reason. Taking his head out again, he led the tusked quadruped away, explaining to the audience that it could not play on that particular instrument, recognizing in the keys its mother's teeth. A "magnificent Broadwood" was immediately telegraphed for to London, by the King, but again the elephant could not play, recognizing in the keys the teeth of its grandmother.

VIENNA.—The performances, at reduced prices, of classical operas have proved even financially a success at the Imperial Operahouse.



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